

SOME ODD STORIES.

ADVENTURES AND INCIDENTS FAR
OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

**The Hermit of the African Forest and His
Beautiful Daughter—The Baboon Woman
Who Was Jealous of the Girl—Shot
Dead by the Distracted Father.**

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"Certainly there are such things as 'monkey men'—and monkey women, too," said Rodney Dahlgren, the famous traveler and African explorer. "Have you seen any of them? I have. There is a reason why I should never forget them. Yes, there is a story behind it. It is a most unpleasant recollection—something I seldom speak of—but I will tell you about it if you care to listen."

"From the Gulf of Guinea southward for at least a thousand miles is a thickly wooded country inhabited by the giant gorilla, a creature as large as a man, sometimes larger. Why Alvarez Barriot should have made his home in such a wild region is something I never understood, although I imagined he had good reason for turning hermit and secluding himself and his beautiful daughter from the rest of the world."



There I found them, living in the midst of a garden that was rich with flowers and fruits, apparently happy and contented. He welcomed me to his home, and I spent there a few of the most pleasant and delightful weeks of my life.

"The servant in Barriot's home was a strange and hideous woman of uncertain age, a creature with the most repulsive features I ever saw on human being, with hands and feet that seemed deformed, and looked like claws. She always went barefooted, absolutely refusing to wear shoes. Her voice was singularly gruff, and she spoke a kind of broken English that it took me a long time to understand. When she became angry, she would utter a scolding scream that reminded me of a monkey's cry the first time I heard it. This creature was exceedingly shy of me, although she would look at me from the first with her beady black eyes as if she longed to fly at my throat and fasten her claw-like fingers there. Barriot and his daughter called her Molly."

"This woman fascinated me by her repulsive aspect, and I took an unconscious interest in her from the time I first saw her. I wondered what race or tribe she could belong to, and I finally became satisfied that there was a mingling of black and white blood in her veins. I longed to question the hermit concerning Molly, but he was a man who resented inquisitiveness, as I quickly discovered, and so I refrained. "Molly was devoted to Enthe Barriot, to whom she was ever gentle and considerate. Indeed the hideous woman seemed to love her mistress passionately, and her jealousy was immediately aroused if she fancied Enthe was paying more attention to me than she ought. This jealousy became open and violent as the hermit's daughter and myself grew better acquainted and were in each other's company a great deal."

"As for Enthe, she was the sweetest, purest, most innocent girl I have ever known my fortune to meet. She knew no more of the great world beyond the limits of her garden home than her books and her father had told her. She would have created a sensation in any Fifth Avenue reception room, but she had quite escaped the contamination that mingling with the world must bring to the most innocent men. I was charmed with her from the very first, and it was not long before I found myself completely enamored, but I felt it was like betraying the confidence of my host to win the affections of his daughter, and I should have departed with the secret of my passion locked fast in my breast, but for Alvarez Barriot himself."

"One day the hermit took me for a walk far into the forest, and there, seated beneath the spreading branches of a mighty tree, we had a long talk. He questioned me about myself, and I answered every question as frankly and truthfully as I could, even though I was filled with wonder by his strange manner. At length, after some minutes of silence, he asked: "Dahlgren, do you love Enthe?"

"The question came with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, but I answered as soon as I could recover from the start. It gave me to tell him I did, but I explained that I intended going away as soon as possible, that I might keep my love a secret. Then came the greatest surprise of all."

"She loves you," declared the hermit, his voice shaking with emotion. "She told me so yesterday, but it needed no words from her to reveal the truth. You shall not take her from me, but if you are willing to marry her and live with her here until I am dead and gone she shall be yours."

"It is needless to say I had no hesitation in agreeing to anything that would give me Enthe, even though I, too, were forced to turn hermit. When we had talked it over a long time, he suddenly said: "You must beware of Molly, for she hates you. She is a baboon woman. You have heard of this. I rescued her from the great apes and tamed her, although she was like a wild animal at first. I am satisfied she was stolen from her parents by the baboons and brought up. Watch her, Dahlgren."

"That night Enthe and I pledged our love beneath the stars. As I kissed her sweet lips for the first time, I heard a rustling in the bushes, and the next moment I was knocked flat and felt a great weight on my breast. Then two claw-like hands clutched my throat, and I saw the hideous face of the baboon woman close to my own. Her fiery eyes seemed to burn into my brain, and her harsh voice shrieked: "She mine! No have her! Kill, kill, kill!"

"I fought with all my strength, but I was not able to fling her off. It was wonderful what power she possessed. I heard the bones in my neck cracking, and I could not breathe. I was being strangled to death. "Enthe's cries brought her father running from the house, rifle in hand. The baboon woman saw him coming, and with a wild, chattering scream, she released her hold on me and grasped the girl. In a moment she had flung Enthe over her shoulder and fled into the forest."

"Barriot was nearly crazed when he realized what had happened. The creature is carrying my child to the baboons!" he screamed. "We must follow and save her! Come on!"

"He knew the great cliff of rocks among the caves of which the baboons had their homes, and we were able to intercept Molly. Seeing she was out of the wild woman

GEMS IN VERSE.

The Light That Glids Our Sorrow.

There is no heart but hath its inner anguish,
There is no eye but hath with tears been wet,
There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
O'er hours of darkness it can never forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
But pined lips beneath its hue are hid;
No eye that in its dewy light reposes
But broken starbeams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, however with laughter ringing,
However light and gay its words may be,
But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing
Of stern affliction and deep misery.

We are all brothers in this land of dreaming,
Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies;
Nor deem we that beneath a brow all beaming
The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

Oh! blessed light that glids our night of sorrow,
Oh! beam of gladness o'er our healing found,
We know that peace will come with thee to-morrow,
And that afflictions spring not from the ground.

Power of Short Words.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak.

When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength

Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase

Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light, but not heat—a flash, but not a blaze!
Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts,
It serves of more than light or storm to tell.

The roar of waves that clash on rockbound coasts,
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well

For them that far off on their sick beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand;
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread.

The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad or gay or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought or speech or song, in prose or rhyme.

—Joseph Addison Alexander.

The Saddest Part.

When little Bess was but a child,
She came to me one day
And laid her head upon my cheek
In her sweet baby way.

"Papa," she said, "I want a doll."
What could her papa do?
With heart quite full of parent love
I straightway bought her two.

The years sped on. The crown of youth
Lay on her maiden brow,
Again she came unto me and said,
"I want a pony now."

The pony came. How glad was I
To see her happy face!
And on my wrinkled heart there lay
No blighting sorrow's trace.

Alas! how easy 'tis to give
Our treasures of the heart
To those we love, but oh, how hard
It is from them to part.

For yesterday she came again,
Just as a child of three,
And blissing said, "He's there down stairs,
Papa, and he wants me."

—New York Herald.

Praise.

Though praise is very sweet to hear
And human hearts are prone to love it,
Yet, if unmerited, I fear
'Tis scarce a thing for sense to covet.

The friend who, braving all my wrath,
Holds up a mirror to my vision
And shows me my ill-chosen path
Will never lead to fields Elysian;

Who marks my blunders, probes my faults,
While I with shame am vainly quaking,
Though my affection for him halts
He is my friend and no mistaking.

But he who ever smiling comes
With honeyed words and flattering glances,
Whose every praise all dissent shrines
And chimes with all my vagrant fancies—

He fads, 'tis true, my self-esteem
And gives free reign to dreams conceited,
And in his presence it would seem
That friendship's mission is completed;

And yet I cannot make it so,
How'er I strive with logic clever,
For in my inmost heart I know
He is my enemy forever.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Deeds of Aspiration.

What though your lot in life seems poor and small?
What though in great accomplishment you fail?
Let not the thought of this your soul appal,
Nor think your days are spent without avail.

A noble aspiration is a deed
Though unachieved, and he who judges man
Upon his lofty throne will give it heed,
And all will be rewarded as they plan.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Prudence.

I would not climb the mountain high,
Ah, no!
Those dizzy steps let others try;
Let swift and strong both pass me by:
In vales of calm humility
Content I'll go.

I would not sail the mighty deep,
Nay, nay!
When tempests wail the billows sweep,
And ocean's monsters roll and leap;
Beside a safe shore I'll keep,
Nor farther stray.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Love Above All.

Whether climbing life's hill by a stony path
Or calmly treading the vale below,
With cheerful content she will meet her lot
If a true heart loves her and tells her so.

You may give her your houses, your lands, your gold;
Falling the jewel of love to bestow,
She'll envy the poorest woman she knows
Who has some one to love her and tells her so.

Adown her life stream she may peacefully glide
Or against the winds be forced to row;
Whatever befalls her she'll fearlessly face
Beside one who loves her and tells her so.

—Harriet Newell Swanwick.

Sightseeing at Home.

He who wanders widest
Lifts no more of Nature's jealous veil
Than he who from his doorway sees
The mysteries of flowers and trees.

—Whittier.

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